Northern Messenger

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VOLUME XXXVI., No. 2. MONTREAL, JANUARY 11, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Our Experiences in Ngamiland.

(By Mrs. Wookey.)

Lake Ngami was discoverd by Livingstone in 1849, and is situated 450 miles from Khama's Town or Palapye, from which place we make our final start for the North-West. Before leaving there we overhauled all our stores to make sure that we had not forgotten any necessaries. For people who are going so far from civilization must be careful to have everything with them that they may require both in sickness and in health. As a big addition to our load, we had to take all our breadstuffs, as well as groceries, etc., for a year and a half; for there would be none to be bought after leaving Palapye.

I found it a very good plan before starting on a journey to make a number of plain plum-puddings, allowing one for each Sunday; and to ensure their keeping I tied them up in the waggon tent, and as the Sundays came round they were cut down one by one.

The journey from Palapye to the lake occupied us two months. The first half of the way was through a corner of the Kalahari desert, where we oftentimes had difficulty in getting water for our oxen, and where we might have easily come to grief ourselves if we had not been particular to replenish our tank and water-barrels at every opportunity, and we had to exercise great economy in the use of the precious fluid. Only people who have been in such a country can understand the joy when a river bursts into sight.

After reaching the Botle River we had no more anxiety about water, for we travelled the rest of the journey along its banks.

Some bits of river scenery are beautiful, and very lovely water-lilies float on its surface. The roots of the lilies are pulled up and used as food by the natives.

But you dare not wander far from the waggon an occount of lions, tigers, etc. Snakes, too, of course abound. One afternoon, as we were riding along, our youngest child exclaimed, 'Mother, what is that?' and there, with its head up ready to spring, was a snake coiled round a gun which was hanging close to where the child was sitting. We stopped the waggon, and the children and I got out, and then my husband killed it.

We saw a good many antelopes, and now and then one was shot, which provided us with meat for a few days. But the natives will eat the flesh of almost anything except crocodile. Monkeys are eaten readily. When outspanned for the night we often heard the hippopotami in the river near by, or the howling of a hyena.

Our progress was often very slow on account of the deepy, heavy sand. Then at other times the road would come too close to the edge of the river, and all the men would have to go to the front with axes to chop a new road through the bush, and often up steep banks.

MRS. WOOKEY'S HOUSE AT PALAPYE.

If possible, our Sunday camp was made under the shade of a big tree; and there we held services, inviting any people in the vicinity to join us. Help in the way of doctoring was often given, too, at such times.

The Makoba make their villages on the margin of the river, or on mounds in the marshes, where they are often hidden by the reeds, so that you may be close to a village and yet not know it. Their houses are made of reed, and are often very wet inside, and the consequence is a great deal of malarial fever.

We could sometimes buy maize, native corn, pumpkins, melons, etc., with beads or bright-colored handkerchiefs. They have canoes, and one day we were taken a little trip by the owner of one, at the end of which was a large hole stopped up with a sod.

Like all other natives in Africa, the Makoba are very fond of tobacco, which they grow; and the tobacco patch is always very carefully tended.

We were very glad when we reached the lake. Twenty miles from the south of it, at the Kgwebe hills, my husband had built a house and only those who know the weariness resulting from a long, hard waggon journey can understand what my feelings were to be at the end of it, and to lie down at home. I, with my sister, at once set to work to get our little house into order.

We had two rooms and a pantry and kitchen, and our waggon made an additional room. The house had a verandah, where a short service was held each morning, which included a kind of class.

Whilst living in the south of Bechuanaland, I always had a good number of girls living with us, being trained to work in English ways; but I had now to take to boys, for the girls had no taste for anything so tame as living and learning in a missionary house.

The boys were very raw, indeed, but with good superintendence they soon become useful, although not perhaps very efficient, helpers. One day I found a boy scrubbing the kitchen table with the stove brush. Life can never be monotonous with such aids to help. Missionary work in such a place is of a very primitive kind.

I was called 'Mother' by all in our little settlement. They came to me with a good many of their needs. A bit of soap for one, needle and cotton for another, patch for mending a shirt for another, scissors for cutting their hair, etc. Some of them were very earnest in learning to read, and when any of them had mastered the rudiments, they were promoted to reading at our daily service, at which we read in turns.

A good many Bushmen lived in the neighborhood of our house, and drew water from the same wells as we did. They are a very interesting people. They neither sow nor reap. They live on berries and roots, and any animals which they can kill, or on the leavings of lions and tigers. They are very thin, with arms and legs like sticks, and have very small foreheads. Their stomachs are very large, accounted for by the indigestible food they often eat, as well as by the huge quantities they can consume, alternating with periods of great hunger.

The firing of a gun in the early morning generally brought some of them to our house to see if any game had been shot, in hopes of getting a bit of meat, and they were not often disappointed. Leopards (African tigers) troubled us a good deal, and my husband shot several. One evening, after the moon had gone down, one came and killed some goats and a number of fowls. He kept us awake with his depredations most of the night. He came again the next night and took possession of the place. After some hours, as I stood by my husband's side at the door, we saw him jump a fence and stand in front of us. His eyes glared in the light of the bull's-eye lantern which my husband held, and by the light of which he shot and disabled him. Next morning he was followed and despatched and brought and laid at the front of the house with rejoicing. His flesh was cooked and enjoyed by boys and dogs, and though the smell of the cooking was very good, I could not bring myself to taste it.

I had a little class of learners; some learning to read and write, and others to read and sew. Sewing they learn quickly.

One man came with his untutored wife and two girls. He came to be taught. He said he wanted to learn most of all about Christ. He made steady progress. His wife, too, learned to read and to sew, and was becoming quite civilized. The man so far improved as to appreciate a towel as a Christmas gift, and the wife an apron.

These far-off people are in many ways curiosities to us, but we in turn are the same to them. Our two little girls who were with us at the Lake, and wore their hair long, excited their curiosity a good deal, and their belief about their long hair was that I fastened cows' tails to the back of their heads.—'Missionary Chronicle.'

Why Betting is Vicious.

(Professor Marcus Dods, D.D., in 'Good Words.')

(Condensed.)

With the large majority of those who habitually bet, sheer greed is the incentive. They are lazy, and have little or no interest in work; perhaps they resent and loathe it. They seek a straight and easy way to wealth. They hear of large sums won on races, of immense fortunes made on the Stock Exchange, and they wish to share in this delightfully simple method of acquiring wealth. They would shrink from appropriating by theft or fraud the money earned by other men, but here is a method by which they can, without the condemnation of society, and without labor, get possession of other men's money. If men were neither lazy nor greedy, if they found sufficient stimulus and reward in forwarding the work of the world, there would be no betting. It has its roots in the lower parts of human nature, in morbid and selfish views of life.

It can, I think, be shown that betting is ungentlemanly, unsportsmanlike, foolish, productive of crime, and a violation of the fundamental law of society.

1. It is ungentlemanly. To those who are not beguiled by custom, it is difficult to understand how of two friends one can put his hand in the other's pocket, and stoop to be profited by the other's loss. Be it a half-crown or five thousand pounds, it is equally incomprehensible how a gentleman can receive it from his friend. If the sum is small, there is a meanness in being indebted for it; if it is large, there is a meanness in depriving his friend of it. There is a pleasure in receiving a gift from a friend as the expression of his remembrance and affection; none in winning from him money which he is compelled to pay. The small trader who would scorn to put money in his till for which he had not given an equivalent is, forsooth, looked down upon by the so-called gentlemen who with equanimity pocket what makes their friend poorer, and which they have done nothing to earn. Nothing is more likely to damage the character, and eat out the other qualities which are associated with the title of 'gentleman,' than the practice of betting. There is no getting past the words of Chas. Kingsley:—'Betting is wrong, because it is wrong to take your neighbor's money without giving him anything in return. . . If you and he bet on any event, you think that your horse will win; he thinks that his will. In plain English, you think that you know more about the matter than he; you try to take advantage of his ignorance, and so to conjure money out of his pocket into yours—a very noble and friendly attitude to stand to your neighbor, truly. That is the plain English of it; and, look at it upwards, downwards, sideways, inside out, you will never make anything out of betting save this—that it is taking advantage of your neighbor's supposed ignorance. But, says some one, "That is all fair; he is trying to do as much by me." Just so; and that again is a very noble and friendly attitude for two men who have no spite against each other—a state of mutual distrust and unmercifulness, looking each selfishly to his own gain, regardless of the interest of the other.'

2. It spoils sport. Popularly it is supposed to be the very life of sport. The betting man is supposed to be the true sportsman. The very opposite is true. There can be no whole-hearted love of sport where there is betting. To a man who habitually bets, there is no attraction in a game of whist or billiards, or in a horse-race, on which no money depends. Notoriously it is the betting which draws crowds to the race-course, and keeps the crowds anxiously awaiting the result in remote parts of the country. And there are many eager and constant whist players for whom all interest in the game lapses if they cannot play for money. Sport in itself ceases to be of interest to the man who has staked a large amount upon the issue. He is absorbed in the issue for himself, and has no room for any pleasure in the sport. It becomes deadly earnest to him. It is, therefore, not sport that is fostered by the betting men who gather around the contest; it is money-getting under such circumstances as taints the gains. Between the man who plays for play's sake, and the man who plays, or watches play, for a money stake, there can surely be no question which is the truer sportsman.

A Story from the Alps.

There is a touching story told in the 'Temple Magazine' by the Rev. Dr. R. H. Conwell, of a visit to the Hospice St. Bernard, where are kept the wonderful St. Bernard dogs, of whose work of rescuing perishing travellers overtaken by the Alpine storms so many tales are familiar to all. 'One morning after a storm,' says Dr. Conwell, 'one of those great, honest creatures came struggling through the snow hampered greatly in his exhausted condition by the miniature barrel of brandy that hung to his collar. I waded deep in the drifts following the floundering old fellow around the hospice to the kennel, which was a room of considerable size. When the door was opened to the wanderer, the other dogs within set up a chorus of barks and whines, and fell over one another as they crowded about him and eagerly followed him around with wags of their tails and inquisitive looks in their eyes, which were just as intelligent questionings as so many interrogation points. But the crestfallen beast held his head and tail to the floor, and sneaked about from corner to corner, and finally lay down panting in a dark niche in the stone basement. He lay there with his eyes glancing out at the corners in a most shamefaced way. The young monk called the weary dog by name, and when the beast would not leave his shadowy retreat, the priest tried to induce him to come forth by showing him a dish containing scraps of meat. But, hungry as he was, he merely opened his eyes a little wider, rapped the floor once or twice lightly as he gave a feeble wag to his tail, and then shrank back and seemed not to hear or see the invitation. The impatient keeper turned away with an angry gesture, and said that the dog would "get over his sulks very soon," and that the creature probably felt ashamed that he "had not found any one."

'The thoughtless remark shot into my deepest soul with a thrill. That noble old fellow seemed to have felt so bad, so ashamed, or so guilty because he had returned without saving any one, that he would not eat. It was not his fault that no benighted wanderer had been out benumbed and dying on the mountain road that awful night. He had grandly done his duty; but he was just dog enough not to reason so far, and just human enough to feel that it was his imperative duty to save some one. Grand old fellow! How he ought to put to shame many a human soul who knows there are travellers going down in the biting cold and the overwhelming storms on life's mountainous highways, and yet who never saved even one such!' —'Christian Work.'

The Training of a Surgeon.

One of the most skilled of Canadian surgeons has recounted his own sharp but salutary lessons. When but a little lad the bent of his nature was plainly shown, but the death of his father and the failure of a bank made all but a rudimentary education impossible. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to the village carpenter, in whose employ he remained for eight years. At the end of that time he had become a skilled mechanic, but, better still, he had acquired the sterling qualities of industry and endurance. One day an accident befell him, and for a whole year he was confined to his bed. The enforced invalidism was most irksome to one of his industrious habits, and one day in despair at his utter lack of occupation, he caught up his mother's sewing which lay upon the bed, and essayed his skill with the needle. His hands were so broadened and coarsened by the heavy shop work that he was almost unable to take a stitch. His awkwardness both provoked and amused him, and he persevered until he was able to sew both quickly and well, and could relieve his mother of a large portion of her work. About the time of his recovery a distant relative died, leaving him a couple of thousand dollars; and with many misgivings as to his qualifications, he entered upon his surgical training. Suddenly the meaning of his years of discipline unfolded itself. No nervous tremor ever disturbed him. In the carpenter's shop he had gained what no university could have given him—the workman's habit of thought. He never took a surgeon's tool into his hands without feeling that a workmanlike job was to be done. He was conscious neither of himself nor his patient. In the same way he amazed his professional brothers by his delicate stitching, the like of which was seldom seen, but they ceased to marvel when they learned that his master had been that tiny shaft of steel—his mother's needle. My friend's lessons in the school of experience were difficult to learn, but when I consider the benefits which his gifts conferred upon humanity, it gives faith to believe that many who are now shut in and hampered by adverse circumstances, are, unknown to themselves, working slowly and surely toward ultimate success.—J. R. Miller, in 'Forward.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN GALATIANS.

Jan. 13, Sun.—God would justify the heathen by faith.
Jan. 14, Mon.—The just shall live by faith.
Jan. 15, Tues.—Christ hath redeemed us.
Jan. 16, Wed.—Receive the promise of the Spirit through faith.
Jan. 17, Thur.—The scripture hath concluded all under sin.
Jan. 18, Fri.—The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.
Jan. 19, Sat.—Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Why Bertie Did Not 'Satisfy the Examiners.'

How often, and how anxiously had that expression been used within the last few weeks by Bertie West's mother, as she impressed upon her clever but careless son (who was soon to compete for a scholarship) the necessity for greater neatness and better spelling in his preparation papers, for he had to satisfy the examiners, and, as all boys who have gone up for an exam. know, it takes a great deal to satisfy them.

'Oh! mother, I expect I shall get through it all right—writing and spelling don't score for much—I know a lot of awful duffers who could jolly well send in a neat paper, if that were all; it's in arithmetic I shall get the pull—you get double marks for that.'

'I am sure, dear, I earnestly hope you will "satisfy the examiners" returned his mother, and, indeed, it was a matter for her to be anxious about, for she was a widow with very slender means, and it would be a grand thing to get her bright son a free education and a good one, as he would have, if he succeeded in passing this much-talked-of, and thought of, scholarship. What a bright prospect for both mother and son to dwell upon, and even their faithful old maid-of-all-work—Bridget—caught up the enthusiasm and mumbled forth ardent wishes (her thoughts divided between the business of her scrubbing brush and the scholarship) that 'Master Bertie would satisfy the examiners.'

As the time drew nearer the careworn mother became more and more anxious, and solicitous that more neatness should be shown by her boy, for indeed his papers were appallingly untidy sometimes; but Bertie himself feared nothing—arithmetic was his stronghold from which (fortified with the thought of the double marks it secured) he hoped to win the day. So on the momentous morning of the exam. he stepped forth buoyant and fearless! 'Be sure you get a good dinner—a mutton chop and potatoes—in the middle of the day,' said his mother. 'He needs plenty of nourishment at such a time,' she added to the acquiescing Bridget who stood in the background with his boots.

'He do, indeed, mum,' was her fervent answer, and the old head was shaken emphatically at the thought of the urgency of the need.

'Oh, no, mother, I shan't want all this,' he demurred, as his loving parent inserted the silver coin in his reluctant hand; 'besides, I could have my dinner when I came back.'

But the mother insisted upon the necessary chop; 'so essential to keep up your strength. It is a great strain, so much brain work,' and she hesitatingly added, 'but don't, dear Bertie, buy any sweets, will you? at least, until after the examination is over.'

'Mother! of course not!' A youth going to London for his exam.—he felt years beyond all that sort of thing just now!

'Oh! of course you won't,' his mother hastened to say apologetically, mercifully forgetting very recent delinquencies in that direction.

'And here's yer boots, sir,' admiringly scanning the polish of her handiwork.

'Well, Bridget, you have given them an extra shine for the occasion. Now if the examiners had to examine my boots instead of my brains, I'd be pretty certain of getting through. Well, I must be off;' and his good-bye was answered by the heartfelt wishes of his mother, whom he left watching so lovingly and yearningly his retreating form. She closed the door at last, and a sigh came as she thought of those awful examiners who had to be satisfied.

It turned out a hot sultry day, and the closeness of the London air together with the depression of having made 'an awful hash,' as he called it, of his French dictation papers, made Bertie West feel less buoyant in the middle of that momentous day than he had been at the beginning. Jaded and out of spirits, he had just sat down (during the hour's interval allowed for lunch) and ordered the sustaining chop and potatoes that would be wanted to support him and help to pull him through the work of the afternoon. Arithmetic!—yes, that was the chief subject, and he was certain of scoring well in that; and he felt a little more cheerful at the thought, and was preparing to do justice to the well-cooked

IN HER ANXIETY FOR HER BOY.

meal when a friendly dig in the ribs and a salutation of 'What; you here, little kid!' made him hold the fork that was conveying the savory morsel to his mouth midway in the air, and turn round in astonishment.

He was anything but overjoyed to meet the quizzing eyes of an old and unpopular schoolfellow, who (together with a couple of friends) seated himself at Bertie's table. To be called a little kid when you are over twelve and are up for an exam. is irritating, even when the appellation comes from a big boy, but when that big boy actually takes to answer questions put to you by the smiling waiter—it is too much!

The waiter had said, 'Ale, sir? draught or bottled, sir? Nice 'arf pint bottles of sparkling ale, sir?'

'Not he! now does that cranium of his look as if he could stand your sparkling ale?' and the interrogation included, apparently his friends, as well as the smiling waiter.

The friends laughed (as they did at most of the big boy's jokes) and the waiter—well, the waiter was always smiling, so there was no means of knowing if it were brought forth by the big boy's joke, or by things in general. Any way, he bowed (still smiling) a 'Yes, sir' to Bertie's rather imperiously given order—'Bottle of sparkling ale!'

'Great Scott!' exclaimed the big boy; and his appreciative friends giggled.

'One would like to know where the joke comes in,' sneered Bertie, fuming with anger, as he gulped down the sparkling liquor.

And in spite of his rage which had taken such possession of him that he even forgot, for a time, the searching ordeal that awaited him that afternoon—in spite of his rage, his mother's thin, white face as she stood at the door, and Bridget's blacking-besmeared face in the background, from where she was mumbling—he knew—wishes that he would 'satisfy the examiners,' rose before his 'inward eye.' Well! it was no crime, after all, to have a bottle of beer—his mother had said 'no sweets,' but she had never mentioned ale!

The air seemed to become more and more sultry as the afternoon came on, until Bertie began to wonder how anyone could do work if it were always so hot in London—it didn't give a fellow a chance, and somehow he could not try to think anything out unless he closed his eyes. He didn't know if the hot weather had anything to do with the absurd way the Kings and Queens were behaving. The Tudor Kings would go poking about into dates which had never belonged to them, and the Normans insisted on invading England two hundred years after the time usually supposed. Then the Stuarts and Lancastrians were so hopelessly mixed up that Bertie could do nothing with them, so he was rather surprised when the smiling examiner (who, by-the-bye, was dressed just like the waiter) after glancing at his paper, said, bowing low, 'It is a fine sparkling paper!'

And perhaps he was more surprised still when the time was up for his history paper! No fault could be found with regard to mistakes, for there were none; or for lack of neatness, for the paper was as tidy and as blank as when it came from the stationer's shop. Asleep! Good gracious! and only the arithmetic paper to do—but even double marks could pull him through even now. But he did not get double marks, or any marks worth speaking about, for although the questions were simple, they needed a clear head for successful answering which Bertie West certainly did not possess just then. Dazed and sickened, the miserable lad reached home, welcomed by the well-meaning Bridget's unfortunate remark,' Ah, now, I know you'll 'a satisfied them examiners!'

Now Bridget was rather deaf, so she did not clearly hear his muttered answer as he walked past her and ran upstairs to his own room, but it sounded for all the world like—'Oh, shut up!' Well! let's hope it was not that, and, indeed, the faithful Bridget did not accredit him with such a remark, she rather put the ugly sounding sentence down to her own lack of hearing, for 'Master Bertie was always such a civil-spoken young gentleman;' but she was so surprised at his unusual manner of entering the house that she could not get over it, and stood, open door in hand, gapingly turning the kind old shaking head in the direction of the stairs. She never saw her mistress who (with well filled basket containing the wherewithal for a welcoming supper for the hero of the day) at this moment appeared at the door.

'Mum! he's come home! You take my word, them examiners has been too much for him, he don't look hisself at all.'

'Poor boy!' said the anxious mother as

she put down her basket of dainties and went upstairs to her boy.

'Oh! the strain has been altogether too much for him, he has such an excitable temperament,' and in her anxiety for her boy she forgot her own disappointment and what his defeat meant for her slender purse.

'To think o' that—all them good things what his ma brought 'ome for his supper, and he don't feel up to touch a bit o' nothink!'

'Arf a pint of sparkling ale!—Well, what harm in that? Bertie could have told you the year's remorse he suffered in consequence! Mrs. West could have told you the year's pinching and scraping she had to undergo in consequence; and Bridget could have told you what privations her mistress went through in consequence; and if you cared to inquire further into the subject, the smiling waiter could have told you that when, after the lapse of a year, Bertie West (who had come up for another scholarship, and to judge by his joyous face had done very well) came into the same restaurant for a 'chop and potatoes,' all the answer he got to his interrogation, 'fine ale, sir! draught or bottled, sir! 'Arf pint bottles of nice sparkling ale,' was a decided shake of the bright head, while a rather inky finger pointed to a fragment of blue ribbon.—L. Ward, in 'Illustrated Temperance Messenger.'

Agnes Bryant's Work.

(By Edward Garrett.)

Agnes Bryant had always lived in town, the only daughter in her widowed mother's household. Agnes's father had been a prosperous doctor, practicing in one of those pleasant, old-fashioned squares on the edge of the city, now being fast drawn into the vortex of its commercial and manufacturing life. When he died Mrs. Bryant had not chosen to change her residence.

Everybody wondered and many blamed, but at any rate Mrs. Bryant's plan seemed to work well. Her children's health did not suffer; they were good walkers and talkers, with a vividness of interests and a wide range of ideas which made even their most critical friends acknowledge them to be fascinating companions. Uninterrupted and unworn by the trivial commonplaces of society, they read and thought more than do most of their years, and they all—Agnes and her three brothers—had that distinguished air which so often accompanies somewhat unconventional living.

The boys had done well at school and were on the threshold of manhood, when the happy little circle was suddenly made to realize that tritest of truisms, which nevertheless strikes each of us with a singular novelty, to wit, that in this world no state of things, however good and happy, is made to last. Mrs. Bryant died. That blow shattered the pleasant family life into fragments. The brothers and sisters were all too young to constitute a household without any head. Besides, the boys were choosing their paths in life, and now felt free to exercise individual tastes which they might have held in check for their mother's sake. Tom, the youngest, got a Civil Service appointment, which took him to Fiji, while Martin and Leonard clubbed forces and joined a distant relative who was a tea-planter in India. All looked forward to the day when Agnes would go to one of them; but certainly she could accompany none just now.

She was to go to her mother's two maiden sisters who lived with a widowed brother in a cheery, roomy old mansion in the bowery heart of Surrey. Mrs. Bryant had been the eldest of her family, so that these two sisters of hers were comparatively young women, handsome, alert, and talented. As each had a private income as large as that on which Mrs. Bryant had upheld her household in London, and as their brother's fortune was considerably larger, it can be understood that they lived in a substantial, ungrudging style. Mr. Meredith himself was devoted to science, and would have led the life of a recluse if his two energetic sisters had not persistently kept him up to a certain standard of social duty. Miss Prudence Meredith 'went in' for public life, was a member of the School Board, chairwoman of a Sanitary Association, and a great promoter of village libraries and co-operative schemes. Miss Patience Meredith walked in more old-fashioned paths. She was the perfection of a housekeeper—having in girlhood put herself into practical training under the old servants who still remained to be proud of their pupil—a skilful sick nurse, the vicar's very stronghold in the matter of Sunday-school, choir, and village visitation.

'Agnes is certainly not going to any dreamy Castle of Indolence,' said her brother Martin; 'she will hear the last work and see the latest experiment in every subject, social or scientific!'

'And think of the lovely country life,' went on Leonard. 'She will waken in the morning to the song of birds instead of to the shriek of engines and the tramp of factory hands—or feet perhaps I ought to say. She will have her own flowers and her own dogs and ponies—a perfectly ideal life.'

'And despite the country solitude,' said Tom, 'the Meredith equipages and unlimited first-carriage fare will keep society nearer than it has been to us in the heart of London. The aunts know plenty of nice, bright people, and Aggie will soon be in no end of tennis clubs and archery parties. I think she is a very fortunate girl.'

'Yes, since, anyhow, the old life cannot go on,' decided Martin.

Poor dear lads! Did they really think that the great advantages they enumerated so glibly are the real blessings of life? Would these, without any addition of stringent duty or vague ambition, have long satisfied themselves?

Agnes Bryant, weary and sad from her mother's illness and death, and excited and exhausted by the winding up of the old home and the parting from her brothers, was aware, on first entering into residence at the Leasowes, of a great peace. The last six months of her life had had more wearing claims and interest than all the eighteen years which had gone before, and they had told upon the girl's nerves and strength.

They had been surrounded by a population so poor and so ignorant that the smallest economy and the mildest grain of knowledge could be utilized for somebody's benefit, and they had often denied themselves the more rigorously in many ways because they could see immediate results from such self-denial. So they had got into the habit of watching for the pleasures that cost least and yield most, and of making much of them for each other's benefit. It is wonderful what sweetness can be got out of life when its conditions need a little pressure to yield any sweetness at all.

Now all was changed. Agnes found herself in an atmosphere of brightness and luxury. Nothing was expected from her. She was responsible for nothing. On every hand she found watchful care and efficient service. There was neither poverty nor suffering—in her London signification of poverty and suffering—within her ken. Life at the Leasowes went on as evenly as a well-regulated clock, wound up before its household is astir.

It was just what she wanted then, and it did her good so speedily that she soon found herself again, and then discovered that she wanted something besides—nay, that she wanted something without which all the blessings heaped upon her would soon become a weariness and an irritation.

'I took Agnes for a very sweet-tempered girl,' said Aunt Prudence to Aunt Patience, one morning, 'but I find she can speak just as fretfully as most girls do. I declare as she recovers her bloom she develops a discontented expression. I hope she is not to prove of the sort who can make nothing out of life unless they happen to marry.'

'She has certainly a little touchy way with her which I never noticed during her visits here from her home in Pindar's Square,' remarked Aunt Patience. 'She showed it only this morning. She asked me whether she could not take a class in the Sunday-school, and I said at once, "Well, yes, she might; I could spare her three or four children out of my class." Now, I cannot possibly do more than that, for though every child in the village comes to the school there are not more than the teachers could manage quite comfortably before the vicar's nieces came to live with him and we had to subdivide to find work for them. If I'd given Agnes three or four I should not have left myself with more than six or seven. And I could not promise her any from the other classes, for I knew what heart-burnings we had had over our last subdivision, and how each thought she had been deprived of her most promising scholar. I couldn't possibly do more, Prue.'

'Certainly not,' said Prue, in her decisive way. 'Three or four were quite enough to give her interest and occupation. Surely she did not expect more?'

Patience shook her head. 'Agnes wouldn't accept the offer,' she replied. 'She asked if I had more scholars than I wished to have, and I could not truthfully say I had, and I told her what had happened when the vicar's nieces came. And she said it didn't matter, she would give up the idea; and though I tried to persuade her and told her I'd be delighted to let her have the children, she still said no; she wanted some work for herself, but she would not take my work from me. And she was quite stubborn and there was a fretful sound in her voice.'

Poor Agnes! She had gone away to her own room and wept bitterly, thinking of the little class of white-faced city children whom she had taught in the dusty organ-loft of the old Church of St. Cecilia-in-the-Garden, and of how, when she had to leave, there had been nobody to take that class, but it had had to be distributed among the overcrowded classes, whose reluctant teachers were little likely to be very vigilant in any search after the little supernumerary lambs if they went astray.

That was only one of Agnes's many early efforts to find a place for herself in the new life where her lot had fallen. She had ventured into her uncle's laboratory, where the other ladies of the household seldom went. Both Miss Prudence and Miss Patience were fond of their brother, but they both stood somewhat aloof from his pursuits. Miss Patience had not much sympathy with his science. Miss Prudence

had none with his method of prosecuting it. She called it 'pottering.' If he had only gone at it in a systematic manner, then he might have become a professor, and they would have all lived in a university town ('a centre of social and intellectual life,' said Miss Prudence), and the additional income would still have enabled them to maintain the Leasowes in the old style as a vacation retreat. Or if he had really achieved some great invention of discovery! Miss Prudence firmly believed that such things were easily the prey of sheer industry and determination; and if they were not, well, then, why did her brother not give popular lectures and write popular books? That only wanted spirit and energy, she would say, looking reproachfully at the shy, shrinking gentleman.

Agnes did not find her uncle as eager to display and explain experiments and projects, as her brothers had always been. And yet he seemed so pleased to see her when she came in that she was soon encouraged to tender some humble services in the matter of cover-glasses and instrument cleaning.

The quiet sage looked kindly at her over his spectacles.

'It's very good of you to think of that, my dear,' he said, 'and I'm sure I would be delighted at anything which would bring you in here regularly, but' (Agnes's heart sank) 'you know poor old Gray, who was our nurse, and who has been devoted to us all her life? Well, she does this sort of work for me. She's not fit for any household post now, and it's a great pleasure to her to be able to do something, for it's hard for one who has always been active to find that she is of no more use in the world. It was a very kindly thought of yours, but we must not take the poor old body's work from her, even if you could do it better, and that is hardly possible, for Gray is wonderfully neat-handed and careful.'

'Oh, uncle, of course I would not think of such a thing!' said the girl, with that pained tone in her voice which her aunts might have interpreted as 'touchiness' or 'pettishness.' How well her uncle, speaking in poor Gray's behalf, had stated her own case! Only was it easier to bear the sense of uselessness in youth than in age, and was it not far harder to plead its pangs and get them recognized? Still, though Agnes did not heed this then, she felt a new sympathy with the superannuation and the ever-growing limits of old age. If she could have noticed this, it might have helped her to realize why trials of such varied sorts are sent to each of us, and how poor and narrow our lives would be if unenriched by the experience and insight which are born of suffering.

Agnes made further efforts of the same sort. One day she found her aunt Prudence really flurried and overworked among a mass of accounts, correspondence, etc., connected with the various schemes with which she was engaged. Could she not do something to help? Agnes asked timidly. Could she not copy the figures to her aunt's dictation, or read them aloud for her to write down? Miss Prue. was really rather worried, to which was due a sharpness in her answer—that 'Agnes could not do anything; it would take more time and trouble to show her what to do than to do it one's self.'

And so Agnes gave up, and began to feel thoroughly listless and discontented. She could not enjoy the walks and drives which had no other object than the maintenance of the health and strength which seemed to her to be already superabundant for the outlets they found. It was a good thing that Agnes could not be content with such things. The only pity was that she could not be content to be dissatisfied—could not accept this as her present cross and its endurance as her present duty and discipline—assured that, in God's own time, work will find its way to the emptied hands that are kept upstretched and outstretched for it.

To some of us, alas! work never seems to come, but that is only because we are not watchful for small beginnings. We want to do some great thing. And that is not God's method.

Somehow, after her uncle's little plea for Nurse Gray, Agnes felt a gentle drawing of her heart towards the old woman, who had been such an important woman once, when her old mistress died and the faithful servant had had to mother the three little Meredith girls and their baby brother. And now she seemed of no importance at all, for she never arrogated any of the authority which she had had to lay down, but sat in the big cane chair by the open window in the back hall, with the stocking-basket beside her, and looked up with a bright smile at everybody who went by.

Agnes got in the habit of sitting down beside her. Nurse Gray could talk to her of her mother's girlhood. Then Agnes noticed that Nurse Gray, still deft with her fingers, took a long while threading her needles. Agnes threaded them for her while they sat together. Then Agnes got a packet of needles, and every morning she threaded enough to keep the old lady going for the day.

'Now, who would have thought of that?' said Nurse Gray, the first time she noticed the little attention. 'Eh, me, Miss Agnes dear, what a heap of little helps we can give each other, if we just take notice o' the little bits o' want that slip between people's fingers an' that the busy folk can't stop to pick up. I mind once reading an anecdote that fixed itself in my memory—about an old Frenchman at the gold-diggings, who, instead of pressing on after nuggets, washed the gold dust from the ground the other folks had turned over, and he died the richest of the lot in the end. There's a deal o' gleaning in the fields 'o God, if we're ready to pick up what's dropped instead o' running after what is being carried off.'

Agnes sought no more to find duties to do; she sought only for duties that were going undone. In a remote corner of the parish she found a little deaf and dumb girl whose parents could maintain her in comfort and so spurned all thought of an asylum, but who was growing up in heathen ignorance. Agnes set herself to learn the mutes' alphabet, and gave the little girl a daily lesson and a double one on Sunday. Agnes discovered a boy who was furtively drawing clever caricatures on slates and fences, and she started him in a severely disciplinary course of free-hand and 'black and white.' Agnes made friends with the strange, sullen, old couple who lived on the edge of the common, withdrawn from all their neighbors and never appearing in church. She made slow progress there. For months it meant only pausing to look over their hedge and express admiration of the prospect they must have from the seat by the door, ignoring the gruff curtness of their answers. Then all of a sudden there was a thaw, and when Agnes had a sharp touch of illness and was prayed for in church, the old woman came up with a tearful face and said a loud 'Amen.' And Agnes's first walk was past that cottage, and she was invited in to rest, and in the course of a few visits heard a history of tragic struggle and disappointment and defeat which set the grim old couple in quite a new light, and taught her how to help them out of their half-involuntary retreat to once more mingle with their fellow-men.

Agnes read the books for the village libraries, which Aunt Prue was disposed to buy in batches, as recommended by their publishers' names or by some 'safe' review. As a consequence of her recommendation, the libraries got much more attractive and were made more use of. Aunt Prue noticed the change for the better, though she did not trace it to its origin.

Agnes steadily frequented her uncle's laboratory and watched Gray at her loving little services; and as her image grew into easy familiarity with the shy, half-defeated man, he began to confide in her some of his old ambitions and all his present disheartenment. He showed her what had been the grand scheme of his life—a philosophic deduction from certain careful observations he had made in a little-cultivated branch of science. A very confused and unattractive mass of manuscript it looked. He had sent it once to a popular scientist, who had returned it with a civil, evasive note, while an accident revealed he had never got beyond the third page. Two publishers had returned it without opening the packet. 'Thanks to my caution, Prue knew nothing of all this,' he said, with a boyish alarm, which was half comical, half pathetic in the middle-aged spectacled man. Agnes waded into that manuscript. She persuaded her uncle to explain what she could not understand, and then he re-wrote the misty paragraphs when she pronounced his explanations lucid. She could at least stand as a type of the ordinary stupid public, she said. It got into complete shape at last. It was sent to twenty publishers, one after another. Mr. Meredith's perseverance would have soon failed, but Agnes's did not. It was accepted at last. It was published. It made a 'furore' in the thinking world! But, what mattered very much more to poor Mr. Meredith, it made him the master of his own house, it won him the respect of his sister Prudence, a respect which worked retrospectively, for Prue was sure that she had always foreseen what her brother had in him and took credit to herself for her faith and her furtherance.

Agnes is not a girl now. She is a lovely, happy-looking woman of twenty-eight. Her brothers have all revisited their native land, and each of them has said that it is not every man who has a sister who never missed an outward mail for ten long years, and that sometimes even in the face of long silence or very brief communications on their side. When Martin and Leonard return to India she is to go too, yet not merely as their sister, but as the wife of the Bishop of Kurramboola, who sought her out when he came to England because he wanted to see the woman whose unfailing letters had seemed to have so much influence in keeping her brothers straight and steady round many a sharp corner. It will not be work that Agnes need ever ask again but only strength and courage for the work which is given.

Her boy pupil, growing a famous artist now, has painted her portrait as he first remembers her—a quiet, grave girl, in mourning, with a simple muslin scarf crossed upon her breast and her soft hands lying lightly in her lap. It has been exhibited in one of the famous galleries, but it

was not called 'Agnes Bryant,' nor even a 'Portrait of a young lady.' It was called, 'Waiting and Watching.'—'The Quiver.'

The Flying Squadron.

A SEA SONG.

(This was a prize poem at the Abingdon School, Montreal.)

Who thought us unprepared to fight, unfit
to do or die?
Unable to withstand attack; in false security?
We'll show him when our lion rests, 'twere
best to let him lie!

For British Tars
Are aye the same,
In name and fame,
True sons of Neptune and of Mars,

We see the Flying Squadron bravely riding
o'er the wave,
And we think upon the courage and the
deeds of England's brave
Who fought and died for England and who
now are in the grave.

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of all the noble deeds, the valiant
and the true,
Which England's mariners of yore have
done, and yet will do,
(For the chronicle of every ship is the
chronicle of her crew.)

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of him who singed the beard of
Spain; immortal Drake,
Whose 'Pelican' around the world a voyage dared to make,
With boundless seas athwart her bows and
glory in her wake.

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of Richard Grenville, how he sailed the Western Sea,
And how with but a single ship he fought
Spain's fifty-three,
And left a signal mark behind of British
bravery.

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of England who is now proud mistress of the seas,
Whose mariners for centuries have fought
both foe and breeze,
And shall our Flying Squadron fail when
manned by such as these?

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of these; and while we think, the
Flying Squadron goes,
The safety of all England's friends, the
dread of all her foes,
To fight in battle and to win; or keep the
peace; who knows?

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

Now him who deemed us unprepared for
th' battle or the fray,
We hold in scorn, who know right well,
that ere another day
We could equip a second fleet, and keep the
world at bay.

For British Tars
Are aye the same,
In name and fame,
True sons of Neptune and of Mars!

W. F. CHIPMAN.

Montreal.

An Afternoon's Adventure.

Tom Bowles and Fred Travis considered themselves quite men, and although Tom was only sixteen, and Fred two years his junior, they thought that they were no longer boys, for both had obtained situations in the little country town of Sleepiborough, in which they lived. The good advice given them by their schoolmaster on leaving school was still fresh in their minds, how they were to be careful of the trials and traps they would have to encounter during their walk through life.

One fine Saturday afternoon, their work being over, they started for a walk through the woods, so that they might talk over the events of the week, and in order to enjoy the fresh breeze, and the scent of the spring flowers. After walking along, for a time, they came to a wood, and seeing a notice to the effect that spring guns were set, and all dogs would be shot, Fred caught up the dog they had with them in his arms and very hastily decamped. They tried their best to get back home, but found they had lost their way, and to make matters worse a heavy storm came on. Thunder,

lightning, rain, now all increased in violence, the sky became quite overcast, and the boys began to be alarmed, for they knew that it would be dangerous to take shelter under the trees in such a storm. They ran on for some time down strange paths through thick mud, and were beginning to despair of finding shelter, when they saw a light in the distance, which, as they approached nearer, they found to proceed from a rude hut in the thickest part of the wood. On looking through the window, the boys saw a number of rough, unkempt men sitting round a table playing cards, and drinking from large jars which were on the table. 'Any port in a storm,' thought the boys, and immediately they knocked.

In a minute or two the door was unbarred, and a man asked in a gruff voice what they wanted. They asked to be allowed to enter and remain until the storm had abated. Their entry was greeted by a chorus of hoarse laughter. The boys stood amazed, until presently one of the men said:

'Come 'ere, yer pretty birds; what d'yer want?'

Tom thereupon told them the whole story.

'Well, young uns, come and 'ave a drink with us.'

Now it must be explained that Tom and Fred were both members of the Temperance Society, and such a suggestion was totally opposed to the teaching they had received, and Tom said so.

'Wot! not 'ave a drink, won't yer, then, ye think not, but I'll soon see,' and the speaker strode across with jar in hand to where the two boys were standing.

'Now will yer 'ave it or take the consequence?' They both at once said that they would not touch it. Thereupon the man turned round to his mates and said,

'D' y'ear wot these two kids is saying, shall we make 'em 'ave some?' The boys heard a chorus of assents, and braced themselves to resist their enemies. But a noise as of something heavy falling and a crashing of glass just then attracted the men's attention. Instinctively the boys gripped each other by the arm, and they made a bolt for the door. Once outside the boys saw what had caused the crash. An oak tree had been struck by a flash of lightning, and in falling had smashed the roof of the hut. In the confusion which ensued, the lamp was broken, and taking advantage of the darkness which ensued, the boys made their escape. They fortunately discovered a path which led them home, and on Tom telling his mother, she showed that they had been in almost the same danger as the dog. There were traps for boys and men as well as for dogs, and into which unfortunately human beings were more likely to fall, than even the dumb creatures. When Tom's father came in and heard of the boys' adventures, he thought that probably the men in the hut were a gang for whom the police had been on the lookout for some time past. This proved to be the case, and on information given by the boys, the men were captured. The hut in the wood was really a drinking den, and much illicit drinking and gambling had been going on for some time past.—H. See-jay.

Looking Out For Mother.

One matter which all young girls should consider, which is perhaps almost hackneyed, and yet never unnecessary, is the question of reverence, all that is implied by the injunction to honor our parents. To honor them is not only to obey them! It goes further and deeper than mere obedience.

You cannot possibly understand the love that your mother bears you; it is a law of nature that you should not understand. It is like no other love; peculiarly interwoven with every fibre of her being, not to be comprehended by any daughter of you all until the day when you perhaps hold your own children in your arms. You must take it on trust. But remember that this love of hers makes her acutely conscious of every touch of hardness and coldness in your voice; she misses the kiss that you are in too great a hurry to bestow; she winces at the argumentative voice with which you labor to get your own way; she dreads unspeakably to lose your affection and respect. Don't grudge the tender word, the long caress, even if you feel a little impatient of it all the while. You will long for it with a heartsick longing when it can never be yours again. And remember that hardness is one of the faults of youth; you should strive against it as much as you strive against your faults of bad temper, or inaccuracy, or sloth. Be hard on yourself if you like; that won't hurt you. But you may regret it all your life that you have been hard on anybody else.—'The Watchman.'

Tim's Reward.

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

When Tim's father died, the little chap's earnest desire was that he might be able to take care of his mother, who was far from strong; and so on the very day after his father was buried, he started out to 'hunt up a job,' for up to that time he had been going to school.

But it was so late in the summer that the farmers were all supplied with hands; and after applying at three or four places, Tim stopped, almost discouraged, before a beautiful house in the midst of large grounds. The gardener was working among the flower beds, and Tim heard a woman, who was wheeling a baby up and down the walks, say, as she passed him once, 'These late heavy rains have given the weeds a good start of you, Thomas.'

'You're right, nurse; and of all times for that boy to take himself off! He wasn't worth his salt, to be sure, but I could manage to get something out of him. What I'm to do between the mowing and the weeding, now that the leaves are beginning to fall, is past me!'

Tim's heart beat high, and in another moment he had opened the gate, and going to Thomas's side, said eagerly:

'Please, sir, I was looking at your flowers, and couldn't help hearing what you said. May I weed for you? I am very anxious to earn some money.'

'What do you know about weeding?' asked Thomas, rather gruffly, looking him well over.

'A little,' said Tim; 'but I am sure I could soon learn more if you would kindly tell me what to do. I want work very much.'

'Humph!' said Thomas; then glanced at the nurse, who nodded quite violently.

'Well,' he said after a moment, 'you may try for an hour; I'll soon be able to tell what you are worth. You may begin on that bed there.'

In passing the little carriage to go to the bed which Thomas had pointed out, Tim stopped to look at the lovely child, and with such evident admiration as quite won nurse's heart; and the little creature herself, after one long look from her honest baby eyes, put out both hands to him, saying:—

'Nice boy; Bay likes nice boy!'

'To think of her taking to him like that!' exclaimed nurse, as Tim, blushing with pleasure, went to his work.

Two or three times Thomas came and stood for a moment by his side watching him; then with a little nod of satisfaction, went away and left him to himself. One, two, three hours passed, and nothing was said about Tim leaving off; and at last, when at six o'clock, Thomas gave him his money, he said:

'You may come again to-morrow morning.'

It would be hard to find a happier boy than Tim, when he laid his first earnings in his mother's hands, and told her he was to go again on the morrow.

He was at work bright and early next morning. As he was weeding the lawn after breakfast, a sweet-faced lady came out of the house and began wheeling baby up and down the walks. The moment the child caught sight of Tim she held out both arms toward him, saying in her cooing little voice: 'Bay's nice boy; come to Bay,' and Tim's face flushed again as he went and took one of her tiny hands in his.

'My baby seems to have made friends with you,' said the lady, kindly. 'Nurse has a bad headache, and I have some sewing I want very much to do. Would you be very careful if I asked you to wheel her for a while? I will explain to Thomas.'

Careful! Never did anyone feel a greater responsibility than Tim as he rolled the little carriage across the lawn, the baby looking up into his face with her great serious eyes, and the lovely lady watching them from the piazza!

And when, an hour later, she called him to her, and told him kindly that he was an excellent nurse, and that he should help her again some day, Tim's happiness was complete.

Then she asked him about himself, and listened, greatly interested, while he told her of his great desire to take care of his mother as his father used to do. That night Thomas told Tim to come again the next day; and so things went on for a whole week, and though the boy never imagined how closely he was being watched, he worked, as his father had always taught him to work, faithfully, neglecting not the smallest thing that Thomas gave him to do. Finally, as he was about to leave on Saturday night, Thomas told him to go into the house—that the master wanted to see him; and presently Tim found himself standing before a kind-looking gentleman, whom he had seen once or twice before about the place.

'Well, my boy,' he said, 'Thomas tells me you have proved very faithful about the work which he has given you to do, and others tell me the same thing, and as we want a boy, you may have the place.'

And then he named a sum as wages far exceeding Tim's hopes.

As Tim began to thank him most gratefully, the gentleman said, 'No, you have only yourself, and your parents—who must have taught you well—to thank. If you had not been found faithful and trustworthy in the little things, if you had been careless and unfaithful, and slighted your work I should never have thought of offering you the place. Tell your mother so. I am sure I need not tell you to be here early on Monday.'

And so Tim, by being faithful over the 'few things,' won for himself a position which he held for years; for finally he became gardener, with a boy under him.—'Silver Link.'

That Doesn't Trouble Me.

(By Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Forward.')

'That doesn't trouble me!'

The above remark was made several years since by a fireman in the employ of the Boston and Maine Railway. One of the Canadian express trains had just rolled into the station at Boston, and the engineer was remarking that a 'hot box' had developed since leaving the last station.

No; the fact of there being a 'hot box' did not trouble the fireman; the engineer was held accountable for every accident that occurred to the engine; it was for this reason, in part, that he received twice the pay of the fireman. But, somehow, the remark grated on the engineer's ears. He thought that the fireman ought to be troubled when anything occurred to the engine he fired, and his respect for the man received a severe check.

It was not long after this incident that the engineer was called into the superintendent's office one morning.

'Mr. Stevens,' said the superintendent, 'what sort of a man is your fireman?'

Instantly the words of the fireman passed before the engineer's mind—'That doesn't trouble me!' seemed written in letters of fire.

'Dan's a good fireman,' he replied, 'he and I get along all right, sir.'

'There's something a trifle out about him?' queried the superintendent, looking keenly at the engineer; 'wouldn't just do for an engineer?'

The engineer would have liked nothing better than to see the ambition of the fireman a reality, but he was convinced that in speaking a good word for him, he would be endangering the public.

'I think his place is on the fireman's box,' he said; 'he's a good man there—doesn't drink, and does all that the road demands.'

'What's the matter with him?' persisted the superintendent.

The engineer hesitated for a moment, for, somehow, he disliked to prevent the promotion of the man who had fired for him for years. Finally, he related the incident that troubled him.

'That settles it,' replied the superintendent; 'I wanted an engineer for a new local; you know the requirements of the road; he will never do.'

A small matter to notice, perhaps some reader thinks, but it was an index to the man's life that told of much more. The railway demands a man on the engineer's seat who is interested in the duties of every man on the road whose duties are in touch with his own, whether they relate to a 'hot box' or a defective boiler.

How many young men there are who are practically saying each day of their life, 'That doesn't trouble me!' We meet them on the street and in the shop, in the home and at the concert hall. They are easily picked out. Their employers know who they are, and the more desirable positions are not for them.

Grown-Up Land.

Good morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh! this way and that way—never stop:
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words will never pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the pence,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown—
Oh! that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray;
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?

Oh! by toiling and trying we reach that land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand:
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and bad actions down,—
Oh! that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.
—'Early Days.'

Don't miss a copy of 'World Wide.' Its first issue is now ready.

Uninvited.

('The Prize.')

'Mary, Mary!' called out Mrs. Sidney from the top landing of a comfortable house near the sea in sunny, cheerful Brighton.

'Yes, dear; what is it?' anxiously enquired her sister, opening the drawing-room door.

'Come up to your room at once, and bring Arthur with you. Be quick, or else you may not be in time to see it!'

'Whatever is it?' asked Miss Norton, as she and little Arthur hurried up the stairs and reached the top landing almost out of breath.

'Why, a little monkey is sitting on the window-sill! Come in very quietly, Arthur, or else it may run away,' said Mrs. Sidney.

'A real monkey, mother! However did it come here?' gasped Arthur, with an eager little flushed face, as he softly crept into the room with his aunt.

'It must have climbed over the balcony. I expect it belongs to some of the people close by,' replied his mother. 'I saw it peeping in at the window as I entered the room. Look, Arthur; there it is, close to the looking-glass!'

Yes, there was the little monkey, sitting on the window-ledge. It was gaily dressed in a pea-green cotton jacket, and a baggy pair of bright, pink drawers, with its long tail sticking out. It darted little glances around, and seemed as much surprised to see the inmates of the room as they were to find this unexpected visitor.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Just then another curious thing happened. A boy's leg came clambering over the balcony, then another, and finally a second visitor appeared at the window, evidently in search of the first one, who, on seeing him, escaped into the room.

'Oh, you are looking for your monkey, I suppose?' cried Miss Norton. 'It has just jumped inside, so you had better come in and catch it.'

'Thank you, mum,' said the boy. 'She got loose, and my mistress is in a state about Mona.'

'So that is the monkey's name,' said Mrs. Sidney, smiling. 'I don't think that the monkey reminds me of any of the Monas I have known, or read about. Does she answer to her name?'

'Oh, yes,' answered the boy with a smile, as he sprang into the room and called Mona to him.

But Mona was not forthcoming. She only leapt away as soon as the boy got close to her. It was a game of 'Catch me if you can.'

'Does she bite?' enquired Miss Norton, who was watching her visitor's behavior with much amusement.

'Dear no, mum; Mona never bites; she is a tame little thing and very loving,' replied the boy.

'Really!' said Miss Norton. 'You do give the monkey an amiable character. I wonder if she would come to me?'

So saying, she walked cautiously up to the little animal, and, stooping slightly, held out her hand.

Mona glanced at her in an odd little wistful way, as much as to say, 'And who are you, and what do you want?' And then, evidently feeling that no ill-will was meant the little creature suddenly clasped one of Miss Norton's fingers with its cold little hand.

Bending still lower, Miss Norton held out her other hand, which was instantly grasped, and, as she was gently lifting the monkey up, Mona sprang lightly on to her shoulder, and comfortably squatted down at once.

'I think that Mona is the best monkey I have ever seen,' said Arthur, who was barely five years old, and had only seen one monkey before, looking at Mona with his big admiring eyes.

'Yes, dear, she is a charming little thing,' answered Miss Norton, softly stroking the monkey's hairy head.

'She is a real good little monkey,' said the boy. 'But my mistress is in a state about Mona,' he added.

'Of course she must be,' said Mrs. Sidney. 'Well, you had better take her home.'

'Yes,' said her sister; 'and you may as well go out by the front door this time,' she added, laughing, as she led the way downstairs with Mona still perched on her shoulder.

'Oh, mother, may I give Mona a biscuit?' asked Arthur.

'Yes, dear, certainly, and a lump of sugar, too, if you like.'

'Oh, yes, mother; she shall have the biggest lump I can find in the sugar-bowl. Look, mother, what a long tail she has!' he added, pointing to it hanging down his aunt's back.

'Indeed it is, Arthur,' said his mother, smiling.

A few minutes later the hall door was opened for the boy and his little charge to take their departure. Mona was grasping a biscuit in one hand and in the other a big bit of sugar, and, just as the door was closing, Arthur saw her trying to cram both the biscuit and sugar into her mouth at the same time, and then—Mona was gone.

They say a dove is so afraid of a hawk that she will be frightened by the hawk's feathers. Some people are so afraid of sin that they run away from every sinful thing.

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both Hemispheres.

Archie's Sketchbook.

'I think it's time I did some painting!' said Archie, spying sister Kate's sketchbook open on the parlor table. They had had it down the night before to show the boys and girls some of the funny pictures, and she had forgotten to carry it up again. So much the better for Archie.

'You has to have a bwush!' he said, remembering how he had seen her 'touch up' the drawings after the outlines were sketched in. So up the little feet trotted, and when he came down he had her biggest brush, and thought he was all ready to go to work.

'Oh, dear!' he said in a minute. 'You has to have some paint stuff, and that's 'way upstairs, too. My legs are defful achey!'

The next minute the puckered little forehead smoothed itself as if a flatiron had passed over it, a nice cool one, I mean, that wouldn't hurt a dear little white forehead.

'You could paint wiz water, I guess!' he whispered, 'and I can get that right out of the fussit!'

The faucet was easy to turn, so he did not have to ask anybody to help him, which was lucky. I am sure they would have hindered more than they helped, if they had only known what they were letting him do all alone by himself.

'There! now I am good and ready!' he said, seating himself happily. What a nice time he had painting with water, the next five or ten minutes. You have a good deal of paint, when your paint is only water, and you have a cupful all handy. The pretty pages were all blistered, and then soaked, as if some giant had wept tears over them. Archie bore on hard till the brush part was lying flat on the paper. He thought that was the way to paint, but two or three times the stick end fairly scraped a hole in the paper.

Well! now comes the thing I wrote this story for.

The front door opened, and sister Kate came in from church, where she had been all the morning, or little Archie would not have been left to get into so much mischief. Poor mamma was sick with a headache, and the girl was too busy to take care of him as well as he seemed to need that morning. Kate came right into the parlor. For a minute she did not say anything. Sometimes when you feel the worst, you can't, you know.

I will tell you what she wanted to say, what she thought of saying: 'What a naughty, naughty, naughty boy!' But the next minute she thought of something she had heard at church. It was all about being filled with the Holy Spirit, the Spirit that was in Jesus and that he gives to all his disciples, so that the words that they speak are sweet and holy, too. And, somehow, all she did was to kiss the little fellow and call him a dear little scamp, and clear up the mischief. For, you see, he was too little to know any better.—'Little Pilgrim.'

Paul and the Owl.

Nothing was too wonderful for Paul to believe.

One day nurse and cook were talking about ghosts. Paul didn't know it was silly to talk about such things.

'What's ghosts?' he asked.

'White things, spirits, that come

back after a body dies,' said cook.

'Can you see them?' asked Paul, wide-eyed.

'In the dark, when you're alone.'

'Don't tell him that,' said nurse. 'He'll be trying to see one.'

'Pshaw! he'll never think of it.' And cook broke into a merry laugh.

But Paul did, and decided that he must see a ghost.

He stayed awake one night, meaning to get up and hunt one when all was dark and quiet.

'Not asleep yet?' asked mamma. 'Afraid, Paul?'

Paul wanted to tell, but he only said, 'I'm not afraid.'

'Go to sleep quickly,' said mamma, patting the covers in.

Paul waited what seemed a long while. Then he got up, forgetting to put on even his shoes and stockings in his excitement. He crept softly down the back stairs, slid back the bolt, and stood in the night air. It was sweet with the breaths of sleeping flowers, and a little bird trilled a song in its dreams.

Paul shivered, but he went bravely out. He had reached the chestnut tree when a scream startled him.

Paul thought it was the ghost, and he cried, 'Mamma!'

Fortunately, mamma was awake. She heard the owl hoot and Paul cry, and in a moment Paul was sobbing his story in her arms.

The next day he saw the owl that had frightend him, looking stupid in the sunshine.

'Ho, old owl!' he said, shaking his head at the blind bird. 'You're the only ghost I'll ever see! Mamma says God's made more wonderful things than I can see in the daytime. I don't need to go hunting for 'maginary ones at night!'—'Sunbeam.'

A Little Light Bearer.

To the little heathen children
Afar across the sea,
We send the light of Jesus
That is known to you and me.
And, though I am but a little boy,
I know full well 'tis true,
That we should always bear a light
To shine for Him. Do you?

Sometimes we let our light grow dim,
When we're at school or play;
We're just like grown-up children,
And forget that every day.
We should watch and see 'tis burning,
With a flame so clear and new,
That all the world about us
Can see it shine. Do you?

Perhaps you think that boys and girls,
Can't shine so very far;
Jesus can make a little child
Outshine the brightest star.,
And when I get to be a man,
Whatever else I do,
I'm going to lift aloft my light
And let it shine. Do you?

LESSON III.—JANUARY 20.

Greeks Seeking Jesus.

John xii., 20-33. Memory verses, 32, 33. Read Mark xi., 12-18.

Golden Text.

'We would see Jesus.'—John xii., 21.

The Bible Lesson.

23. And Jesus answered them, saying, The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified.

24. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

25. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.

26. If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor.

27. Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour.

28. Father, glorify thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.

29. The people therefore, that stood by, and heard it, said that it thundered: others said, An angel spake to him.

30. Jesus answered and said, This voice came not because of me, but for your sakes.

31. Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out.

32. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.

33. This he said, signifying what death he should die.

Lesson Hymn.

We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife

We would see Jesus—the great Rock-foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with soverign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy and willingness, come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading:
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Suggestions.

The remarkable request of some Greek proselytes to see Jesus, interesting as it is, is but the starting point of the great thoughts of this lesson. These carry the Evangelist so completely away that he does not tell us what came of the request. Jesus saw in it the first drops of the shower, the beginning of the Gentiles coming to his feet; and that prospect brought with it the vision of his death that must first be endured. The theme, then, of the lesson is what Jesus thought and felt about the Cross. 'The place where thou standest is holy ground.'

The Cross is always presented as the summit of Christ's glory, rather than as his lowest humiliation. It was his throne, because in it were most wondrously manifested the redeeming power and love which are the very flashing central light of all his brightness. In all his life we 'behold his glory, . . . full of grace and truth,' but the rays are focussed there where he hangs dying in the dark. There all paradoxes met. Shame is glory; weakness is strength; death is life.

Verses 24 to 26 point to the wide range of the same paradox of which the Cross is the crowning example. It is seen in nature, where fruit is only possible by the destruction of the seed. No converts without martyrs, whether literally by actual death or by the daily dying of self-sacrifice. Life exemplifies the law. Eager clutching at the delights of natural life, and making it one's chief aim, is the sure way to lose all its sweetness and to miss the higher life, while the subordination, and if needful, the sacrifice of 'life of this world' leads straight to the possession of 'life eternal.' That was the truth for the lack of which Greek literature, art and glory rotted and perished. Discipleship demands the same conditions. Christ's servant must be Christ's follower on that road. The Cross must be his pattern as well as his trust. . . . An old monkish painter makes the strengthening angel in Gethsemane hold forth a cross, and there is deep truth in the picture. The prayer, in which the whole man Jesus utters himself, grasps the name 'Father,' and in filial submission and trust, asks only that his name may be glorified.

'We have the heavenly voice and how it sounded to dull ears, (verses 28, 29 . . . Every man hears in God's voice what he is fit to hear. Obviously there was an objective something, an audible sound. To the deafest there was a vague impression of some majestic noise from heaven, which said nothing, but was grand and meaningless as a thunder-clap. Others, a little more susceptible, caught something like articular words, but discerned no significance, though they felt their sweetness and dignity and so thought them an angel's voice. 'Ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God.' We can dull our ears till they will not even recognize God's voice as thunder, and if it sounds meaningless to us, it is our own fault.

'Every form of so-called Christianity which weakens or obscures the sacrificial death of Jesus weakens the power of Christianity. A Christ without a cross is no match for the drawings of the world and its prince. This is the grand vision on his own death in which Jesus found strength and in which we find peace, pardon and purity.'—From 'Bible Class Expositions,' by the Rev. Alexander McLaren.

The Free Church Catechism.

10. Q.—Can we deliver ourselves from sin and its consequences?

A.—By no means; for we are unable either to cleanse our own hearts or to make amends for our offences.

11. Q.—How did the Son of God save his people from their sins?

A.—For our salvation he came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, and the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of the Father.

Monthly Conference.

A monthly meeting of teachers and officers for conference over Sunday-school matters, aside from the study of the lesson, is sometimes found to be profitable, giving chance for close acquaintance, for exchange of views and methods, and for unifying the work of the school. In an informal, social fashion, the interests of the different departments are discussed. Sometimes all take equal conversational part, divisions of the topic being assigned to different ones by way of opening the discussion. The relation of the church and the school, the best means of securing the co-operation of all, of enlarging the Home Department, of promoting spiritual interest, of securing contributions, home study of the lesson, and due attention to supplemental courses—all these and kindred vital topics may well be given an evening apiece. A monthly gathering in a private parlor affords a social opportunity such as cannot be found during a meeting for the study of the lesson.—'S. S. Times.'

An Anti-Tobacco Lesson.

(From the 'School Physiology Journal.—For the Primary Department.)

The teacher should have in mind before she begins the lesson, the facts she will teach. These children can understand, if skilfully presented, the following:

1 Tobacco will make a child dull.

2 Tobacco hinders growth in height and weight.

3. Tobacco will make him sick.

4. Tobacco keeps a child from trying to be good.

5. Tobacco will lessen his liking for play.

While an exhaustive treatment of any of the foregoing topics would be beyond the comprehension of this class, one or more simple facts under each head can be so lodged in the understanding that they will influence action.

The attempt to do this might be introduced by the following:

STORY OF WILLIE AND HARRY.

Teacher—I am going to tell you a story about two little boys.

One was named Harry. The other was Willie.

Harry lived in a brown stone house. Willie lived in a red brick house.

Because they were both born the same day, their birthdays always came at the same time. When these birthdays came, Harry with his father and mother went to Willie's house to dinner to celebrate Willie's birthday. Then they all played games with Willie and gave him presents. The same day, Willie with his father and mother went to Harry's house to supper to celebrate Harry's birthday, to play games with him, and to give him presents.

Their mothers had always nice things the boys liked, for the birthday dinner and supper.

When they left the table after their dinner and supper, each boy's father marked on the wall just how tall each boy was. The marks stayed there and showed how much each grew in a year.

They grew fast, they were almost always well.

When they had had six birthdays they went to school. They began the same day. They went to the same school until they reached the fourth grade. Then Harry went into the fifth grade, but Willie could not.

He was dull in school.

He did not give attention nor remember what the teacher said.

He was behind his class.

When his birthday came and he stood up after dinner for his father to mark his height, the marks on the wall showed that:

He was not growing so fast as Harry.

He did not like to play so well as he used to.

He was often sick.

He did not try to be good.

Teacher—'Now, children, can you tell me what had happened to Willie?'

Help and encourage them in expression, especially the more timid ones, until they can say that:

1st. Willie could not keep up with his class.

2nd. He was dull.

3rd. He did not give good attention.

4th. He did not remember what the teacher said.

5th. He did not grow so fast as Harry did.

6th. He did not like to play so well as he used to.

7th. He was often sick.

8th. He did not try to be good.

The teacher might write each of these points on the board as they are given, and teach the class the words, from one or more, making them a reading lesson. If the above points seem too many for the class, select and impress those nearest their present capacity. Question to see that each child understands the meaning of the words, especially the longer ones, and fur-

ther, to see that all get the idea conveyed by each sentence.

After this is well assured, at the next lesson, some child might be asked to tell this story about Willie and Harry, and the others asked to watch to see if the one telling it leaves anything out.

Then the topic might be further developed as follows:—

Teacher—'We are all sorry to know that Willie could not keep up with Harry in school and that so many other bad things happened to him. Willie's father and mother were very sorry, too. The next time Willie was sick they sent for the doctor. That wise doctor found out what made Willie sick, and dull, and why he did not like to play, and why he did not grow well, nor keep up with his class. What do you think it was?'

It is hardly to be expected that the right answer can be given.

Teacher—'I will tell you, children, what it was. Willie was smoking cigarettes. A large boy had shown Willie how to smoke. Willie spent for cigarettes the pennies his father gave him and smoked them when his father and mother did not see.

'The doctor told Willie that cigarettes are made of tobacco. Then he said he would tell him what tobacco would do to a boy. Willie's mother wrote it down as the doctor told it to Willie, and afterwards she had it printed in large letters on two cards. One she hung in Willie's room, so that he would see it when he first opened his eyes in the morning, and the other card she hung over the marks on the wall in the dining room, which showed how much Willie and Harry grew each year.

Here is what the doctor said ,and what was afterwards printed on these cards:—

1st. There is tobacco in cigarettes.

2nd. Tobacco will make a boy dull.

3rd. A boy who uses tobacco will not give good attention.

4th. A boy who uses tobacco will not remember well.

5th. A boy who uses tobacco will not keep up with his class in school.

6th. Tobacco will hinder a boy's growth.

7th. Tobacco will make a boy ill.

8th. Tobacco will keep a boy from caring for play.

9th. Tobacco will keep a boy from trying to be good.

10th. A boy never should use tobacco in any form.

These points should be put upon the board and impressed as memory points and illustrated in connection with a review of the story, as, for instance, the teacher might ask the class to tell:

'Why did Willie not care to play as he used to?'

'Why did he not give good attention?'

'Why did he not grow so fast as Harry?' etc.

Some pupil may want to know if Willie stopped smoking cigarettes. This will give the opportunity to tell of the difficulty he had because tobacco can make those who use it like it so much.

David and the Giant.

David was a stripling, shepherd boy was he
When he slew the giant, setting Israel free.
Drink is sin's Goliath, cruel, grim and strong,
Slaying tens of thousands, doing daily wrong.

We are little children, very young and weak;
Where—to slay the giant—shall we succor seek?
Bear we no grand armor, breastplate, sword or spear,
But we pray to Jesus, who our cry will hear.

Help us, Mighty Captain, David's Lord and Friend!
With our sling and pebble death to drinking send,
Life for dying drunkards, freedom for the slave.
Band of Hope's great Leader, drink's sad victims save!

—Newman Hall, in 'League Journal.'

'World Wide' is a journal of literary distinction, and is offered at an exceedingly low price.

Correspondence

Graham's Siding, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am writing this to answer the question asked by Frank C. A. The question is, 'Should wine and other alcoholic drinks be used in cooking?' I say no! Why? Because it will as surely although more slowly make you a drunkard as taking it by the glass. Think of a man who is a reformed drunkard, his craving for liquor is there just the same, but he is safe as long as he does not taste liquor in any form. Let him go to your house and you place before him food containing, say, brandy. He, ignorant of this, eats it, all at once the old craving for liquor returns and to him it seems with double force. He feels he must drink something to take away the thirst. He goes out and into a saloon and drinks harder than ever. I do not believe either that alcohol should be used as a medicine. I would rather be like the little boy who was sick and the doctor said he must take wine every day to keep up his strength. The little boy said he couldn't drink it. He was told he would die if he did not. Well, I would rather die, he said, than break my pledge. And I would, too.

HELEN B.

New Annan, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it very much. I go to school. I have a mile to walk. I go to Sabbath-school in the summer, but there is not any in winter. I live on a farm. I like reading the correspondence. I like to study geography better than grammar. My birthday is in March.

ALICE W. (Aged 14.)

Tiverton.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. My papa has two horses and three cows. My pets are a calf and a dolly. My dear little two-year-old sister is the best of them all. My brother Rob and I go to school together; we like going very much. I take the 'Messenger' and could not do without it. I was greatly interested in our Sunday-school lesson yesterday. We go to the Baptist Church. My grandfather and grandma are living with us. My grandpa takes the 'Daily Witness.' He is a retired Baptist minister. We like the 'Messenger' and the 'Witness' because they are good temperance papers. My papa teaches the Bible class. He used to write 'Practical Points' for the 'Messenger' Sunday-school lesson. We live about four miles from Lake Huron. We get lots of cold wind from the lake. I don't go to school much in winter, because I take croup so easily, but I get my lessons at home. I have only been going to school about a year and a half, my teacher says I will be in the second book at Xmas. My birthday is on Feb. 9. I will soon be nine years old. I wonder if any little reader of this paper has the same birthday as mine.

GRACE I. C. (Aged 8.)

Clark's Harbor.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. Mama reads the letters to me. I go to school every day; I like my teacher. I have a pet cat named Tabbie. I have one sister and four brothers, and three little nieces. Love to the 'Messenger.'

FANNIE E. C. (Aged 7.)

Chatsworth.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Presbyterian Church. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I think it is the nicest paper I ever read. I have five brothers and no sisters. We have a sleigh ride very nearly every Christmas for our Sunday-school. I just live one mile from the village of Chatsworth, where I go to school. My father is a farmer. We have seven horses. I have one brother living in Teeswater. My birthday comes on April 22. Wishing you and the 'Messenger' every success.

LOTTIE MADELINE LILLIAN. (Aged 11.)

Parkdale.

Dear Editor,—I live in Parkdale and go to school. I like the 'Messenger' very much. My mama reads the stories for me. I have a brother named Ralph.

ALMA H.

Port Lorne.

Dear Editor,—I love to take the 'Northern Messenger.' I live by the seashore. I have one canary bird, his name is Dick and one cat I call Pert. I go to school every day and like my teacher very much.

JOHNSON B. (Aged 10.)

Glenwood, Yarmouth Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper very much. My uncle sent it to me last Christmas for a present. I like the Boys' and Girls' page, the Little Folks' page, and the Correspondence best. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on Sept. 14. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have two grandmas. One lives here, and one in Truro. I go to school. I do not have far to go to school, and that is why I can go in stormy weather. My sister Helen goes to school with me. We live near a river, and in the summer it is very pretty.

CHARLOTTE R.

Vancouver.

Dear Editor,—I feel it my duty to write and tell you how we appreciate the 'Northern Messenger.' I live in the city of Vancouver, situated on Burrard Inlet. My father is the foreman of the Electric Light Company and also city electrical inspector.

BLANCHE MacD. (Aged 12.)

Corbetton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and my father lives on a farm. I go to Sunday-school. I have a dog named Danger. We take the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the stories and letters. My birthday is on Sept. 9.

AYLMER J.

Fleming, Man.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger' and we like it very much. We live on a farm on the prairie, and now the ground is covered with snow. We go to school seven months in each term.

HENRY A.

Stone Settlement.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. Is there any of the little girls' and boys' birthdays on the same day as mine, June 15? My ma never uses any kind of liquor in her cooking. My pa never drinks any, either. I wish there was none of it made. We have one cat and a little collie dog. We have great times playing together when I come home from school. I like going to school.

RUBY S.

Searletown, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—My Uncle Rogers made me a present of the 'Messenger' for a year. I like it very much. I live in the country. My papa is a farmer. I am eight years old and go to day-school. I got a prize a few days ago. Happy New Year to the readers of the 'Messenger.'

LOUISA B. W.

Ingersoll.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' every week. I like it very well, and I like to read the Correspondence. I am eleven years old and go to school every day.

FRANK W. M.

Gleason Road.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I take the 'Messenger.' I go to school; my teacher's name is Miss Milliken. I like her very much. I have a dog and his name is Barney. My mother is dead and I have to do lots of housework. I go to Sunday-school; it is two miles, and I have to walk. I have one brother—he is away. My birthday is on Aug. 18.

GLADYS D.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about seven miles from Perth. I have three brothers and one sister. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and likes it very well, and I think it is a very nice paper. I go to school and to Sunday-school.

ERNIE M. (Aged 10.)

Fitzroy Harbor.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers and one sister. We have a dog called Nero, and a rabbit. My mother keeps a store, and I go to school every day. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school.

ANNIE W. B.

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When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy: United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ¼ lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

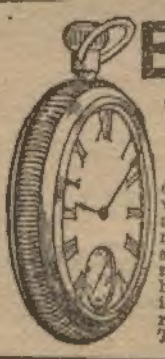
EPPS'S COCOA

FUR RUFF FREE

Earn this handsome necklet by selling only 2 doz. large packages of delicious perfume at 10 cts. a package. It is so fragrant and lasting that a single package placed in a handkerchief box or bureau drawer will perfume the entire contents for years. It is in the 3 popular odors: Rose, Violet and Heliotrope, and is put up in packages bearing lovely designs of flowers and leaves in all the delicate and varied colors of nature. Nothing sells like it. Everybody buys it. One hour's easy work will earn this magnificent ruff. It is made of selected skins and is a perfect imitation of the finest sable. It is 29 inches long, has a real head and tail and makes a comfortable and fashionable addition to the winter dress. Write and we will send the perfume. Sell it, return the money, and your Ruff will be sent the same day postpaid. This offer is good for 30 days.
THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 83, TORONTO.

GIRLS! FREE!

This Beautiful Doll is given for selling only 2 dozen packages of delicious perfume at 10c. each. Our perfume is in three odors—heliotrope, violet and rose. It is so fragrant, and is put up in such beautiful packages, that often several can be sold in one house. Any girl can easily earn this handsome doll. She is a real beauty, 19 inches tall, with movable head, arms and legs, so that she can sit in a chair. Her dress is of rich material, cut in the latest style, and beautifully trimmed with velvet and lace. Her hat is extremely fashionable, and she has also stockings, slippers and underclothing. She is very pretty, with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes and an abundance of light, curly hair. Remember, we ask no money in advance. Simply write and we send perfume. You sell it, return us the money, and we send your doll, carefully packed. **Home Specialty Co., Box 83 Toronto.**



EARN THIS WATCH

By selling only 1 dozen Glass Pens at 10c. each. These wonderful Pens are made of one piece of glass with colored holder and fluted nib. They never wear out and will write a page with one dip of ink. Write and we mail Pens. Sell them, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome Watch with polished nickel case, ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hand, keyless wind and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years.
TOLEDO PEN CO., Box 82 Toronto, Can.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'